

The Musical World.

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OPERA AND DRAMA.

BY RICHARD WAGNER.

(Continued from page 639.)

PART II.

The understanding, consolidated through the fancy out of the feelings, obtained, in the prosaic language of words, an organ, by which it could alone make itself intelligible, and that, too, in exactly the same proportion that it became unintelligible to the feelings. In modern prose, we speak a language we do not understand with the feelings, and whose connection with the objects, which, by the impression they produced on us, presupposed the formation of the roots of the language, according to our capability, has become indiscernable by us; we speak this language as it has been taught us from our earliest youth, but not as we understand, nourish and form it, according to the increasing independence of our feelings out of ourselves and the objects; its usages and demands, founded upon the logic of the understanding, we must obey unconditionally, if we would communicate our thoughts. This language rests, therefore, as far as our feelings are concerned, upon a *convention*, having a definite aim, namely that, in conformity with a definite rule, in which we are to think and *master* our feelings, of rendering ourselves intelligible in such a manner as to state to the understanding an intention of the understanding. Our feelings, expressed in the primitive language, unconsciously and of their own accord, we can, in our present language, only describe, and that, too, in a far more roundabout manner than a matter of the understanding, because we must screw ourselves *down*, in the complicated manner aforesaid, from the language of our understanding to its real source, as, from this source, we before screwed ourselves *up*. Our language is based, consequently, upon a religious-political-historical convention, which, under the reign of the personification of convention, Louis XIV., was, in France, very logically fixed, by order, as an established rule. On the other hand, it is not based upon an ever-living, present, and actually experienced *conviction*, but is its acquired opposite. To a certain extent, we cannot, in this language, join in the conversation according to our inmost sensation, as it is impossible for us to *invent* in it according to our *sensation*; we can only communicate in it our sensations to the understanding, but not to the unerringly comprehending feelings, and, therefore, with perfect consistency, the feelings, in the development of modern times, sought refuge from the absolute language of the understanding in the absolute language of tune, our music of the present day.

It is impossible to *poetise* in modern language, that is to say, a poetical intention cannot be *realised* in it, but, as *such*, merely be uttered.

A poetic intention is not realised until communicated out of the understanding to the feelings. The understanding, which would merely convey an intention *perfectly* communicable in the language of the understanding, is not adapted to a poetic, that is, a *connecting* intention, its own intention being a separating, *dissolving* one. The understanding only poetises when it grasps what is scattered according to its connection, and wishes to convey this connection in an infallible impression. A *synopsis* of any connected series of circumstances is only to be gained from a more *remote* point; the picture, thus offered to the eye, is not the actual reality of the matter, but merely the reality which the eye is capable of grasping as a *connected series*. The actual reality, in its details, can be recognised only by the *loosening* understanding, which alone, by means of its organ, the modern language of the understanding, can communicate it to us; the ideal, sole intelligible reality, can only be comprehended as a connected whole by the *poetising* understanding, but the latter can only communicate it by means of an organ which, also, in so far corresponds, as itself consolidating, with the object consolidated, as to communicate it most intelligibly to the feelings. As we have seen,

it is not possible to exhibit a large connected range of facts, of such a kind that the separate facts can be explained by the connection alone, except by their consolidation; this consolidation is, for the events of human life, simplification, and, for the sake of this, a *strengthening* of the points of action, which, again, could only proceed from strengthened motives. A motive, however, can be strengthened only by merging the various points of understanding it contains in one decisive point of *feeling*, the convincing communication of which the word-poet cannot attain except by means of the primitive organ of the inward feeling of the soul, the *language of tune*.

The poet would most necessarily see his intention unrealized if he were to expose it unconcealedly by not having recourse to the redeeming language of tune until the moment of utmost need. If he wished only to change the *naked* language of words into the *full* language of tune when the melody has to appear in his work as the most perfect expression of the excited feelings, he would plunge both the understanding and the feelings into the greatest confusion, out of which he would rescue them only by most unconcealedly exposing his intention—in other words, by openly withdrawing the pretext of the work of art, that is to say, by communicating his intention, as such, to the understanding, but to the feelings a passing and superfluous expression of them—that of our modern opera—not defined by the intention. The *ready-made* melody is unintelligible for the understanding, which, until its appearance, has been employed, even for the interpretation of the growing feelings; the understanding can only take part in this melody in so far as it has itself passed over to the feelings, which, in their growing emotion, have attained even the completion of their most exhausting expression. In the growth of this expression, up to its highest pitch of abundance, the understanding can participate only from the moment that it steps upon the ground of the feelings. But the poet definitively enters upon this ground when from the intention of the drama he proceeds to its realization, for the yearning after this is already in him the necessary and impelling excitement of the same feelings to which he wishes to communicate an object *thought*, as a certain and redeeming comprehension. The poet can only hope to realize his intention from the moment that he *conceals* it and treats it as a secret, that is to say, when he no longer utters it in the *language* in which it could only be conveyed as a naked intention of the understanding. His redeeming, that is to say, realizing, work does not begin until he is capable of manifesting himself in the redeeming and realizing new language, in which alone he can, also, exhibit the most profound purport of his intention most convincingly—that is, not until the commencement of the work of art generally, which is from the first scene of the drama.

The *language of tune* which should be adopted from the very beginning is, therefore, the organ of expression by means of which the poet must render himself intelligible, when he turns from the understanding to the feelings, and for this purpose has to place himself on ground where he can have intercourse with the feelings alone. The strengthened points of action perceived by the poetizing understanding, can, on account of their necessarily strengthened motives, only appear as intelligible facts upon a ground which is, of itself, raised above common life, and the impression usually produced by the latter, and thus towers above the ground of ordinary expression, just as the strengthened forms and motives should tower above those of ordinary life. This expression, however, can be just as little an unnatural one, as the actions and motives ought to be inhuman and unnatural. The forms of the poet have to correspond completely to real life in so far as they must represent the latter in its most condensed connection, and in the strength of its utmost excitability, and their expression thus be only that of the most excited human feelings, according to their greatest capability for manifestation. But the forms of the poet would inevitably appear unnatural, if, in the highest enhancement of their points of action and their motives, they were to exhibit the latter by means of the organ of ordinary life; they would appear unintelligible and even laughable if they employed by turns this said organ and that which is unusually heightened; just as if they were to alternate before our eyes the ground of

ordinary life with the heightened one of the poetical work of art.*

If we now consider the activity of the poet more closely, we perceive that the realisation of his intention consists solely in rendering possible the representation of the strengthened actions of his poetised forms through an exposition of their motives to the feelings, as well as the motives themselves, also, by an *expression* that in so far engrosses his activity, as the *invention and production of this expression in truth first render the introduction of such motives and actions possible.*

This *expression* is thus the condition of the realization of his intention, which, without it, will never be capable of stepping from the sphere of thought into that of reality. The only expression, however, here able to realize, is a *completely different* one from the speech-organ of the poetizing understanding itself. The understanding is, therefore, forced by necessity to unite with an element that may be capable of receiving within itself the poet's poetical intention as fructifying seed, and, by means of the essential attributes peculiar and necessary to itself, of so nourishing and shaping this seed as to bring it forth as a realising and redeeming expression of the feelings.

This element is the same maternal, feminine one out of whose lap the words and the language of words proceeded for the primitive melodious faculty of expression—when it was fructified by the natural and actual object lying without it—just as the understanding grew out of the feelings, and is thus the condensation of this feminine element into the masculine one, capable of communication. As the understanding, again, has to fructify the feelings—as, in this fructification, it is impelled to find itself embraced by the feelings, justified in them, reflected in them, and in this reflection again recognizable to itself, that is to say, recognizable generally—the words of the understanding are impelled to recognize themselves again in tune, and the language of words to find itself justified in the language of tune.† The charm, which this impulse awakes and raises to the greatest pitch of excitement, lies beyond the person impelled, and in the object of his desire, which first presents itself to him in its charms through the fancy—the almighty mediatrix between the understanding and the feelings—but with which he cannot satisfy himself until he plunges himself into its full reality. This charm is the working of the “ever-womanly” element, which lures the egotistical manly understanding from out itself, and is itself only possible because the womanly element excites the allied element in it; but that by which the understanding is allied to the feelings is the *purely human* principle, that which constitutes the essential attributes of human *species* as such. On this purely human element are nourished both the masculine and the feminine elements, *first becoming man when united through love.*

The necessary impulse of the poetising understanding in this poetising is, therefore, *love*—and, moreover, the love of the man to the woman: not that frivolous, unchaste love, in which a man only wishes to satisfy himself by enjoyment, but the profound yearning in the ecstasy shared by the loving woman at knowing she is redeemed from her egotism; and *this yearning is the poetising point of the understanding.* The seed that is necessarily to be distributed out of him, and condensed only in the most burning excitement of love out of his noblest powers—which grows only from his wish to give it from him, that is to say, to communicate it for fructification—which, in fact, is itself this very impulse embodied, as it were—*this procreative seed is the poetic intention which brings to the beautifully loving woman, Music, the matter for parturition.*

Let us now observe the act of the parturition of this matter.

* In this a preponderatingly weighty point of our modern comic element truly consisted.

† Will it be thought trivial on my part if I here—with reference to my exposition of the mythos in question—remind the reader of *Œdipus*, who was born from *Jocasta*, and with her begot the redeemer *Antigone*?

[To be continued.]

SPONTINI.

(From the French of Hector Berlioz.)

THE score finished, the Empress immediately caused it to be put to study at the opera; and then the *protégé* of Josephine began to experience the agony of rehearsals—frightful torture for a novice without acquired authority, and to whom the entire *personnel* of performers is naturally and systematically hostile—a perpetual struggle against malevolent intentions; heartrending efforts to obliterate limits, warm icicles, reason with fools, talk of love to eunuchs, of imagination to idiots, of art to common labourers, of sincerity to liars, of enthusiasm to the envious, of courage to cowards. Everybody revolted against the pretended difficulties of the new work, against the unusual forms of that great style, against the impetuous movements of that incandescent passion, lighted at the purest rays of an Italian sun. Each wished to abridge, cut out, prune, and mould to rude exigencies this noble music, which wearied its interpreters by requiring ceaseless attention, sensibility, vigour, and a scrupulous fidelity. Mad. Branchu herself, that inspired woman, who so admirably created the *role* of Julia, has since acknowledged to me, and not without regretting this culpable discouragement, that she once declared to Spontini that she never could learn his *unsingable* recitatives. The revising of the instrumentation, the suppression and restoration of phrases, and the transpositions had already cost the Opera enormous copying expenses. Without the indefatigable kindness of Josephine, and the will of Napoleon, who always exacted the *impossible*, there is no doubt but that the *Vestale*, refused as absurd and inexecutable, would never have been performed. But while the poor great artist writhed amid the tortures which they so cruelly persisted in inflicting upon him at the Opera, the Conservatory was preparing melted lead to pour upon his open wounds on the grand day of the first representation. All the embryo-contrapuntist-brats, swearing on the authority of their masters that Spontini ignored the first elements of harmony, that his melody was balanced upon the accompaniment like a *lock of hair upon a dish of soup* (for more than ten years I heard in the classes of the Conservatory this noble comparison applied to the works of Spontini), all the young manufacturers of notes, as capable of understanding and feeling the *noble* in music, as Messieurs the porters, their fathers, were of judging of literature and philosophy; all clabbed together to effect the downfall of *La Vestale*. The system of hisses and whistling was not admitted. That of yawns and laughter having been adopted, each one of these myrmidons agreed, on the end of the second act, to put on a night-cap, and feign to sleep.

I hold these details from the chief of the band of sleepers. He had associated with himself for the direction of the sleeping a young ballad singer, since become one of the most celebrated of our Opera Comique composers. The first act passed off without any grievance, and the cabalers not being able to refrain from acknowledging the effect of this fine music, so badly written, according to them, contented themselves with saying, in a tone of *naïf* astonishment, devoid of all hostile intent: “*cela va !*” (it succeeds!) Boieldieu, being present twenty-two years after at the general rehearsal of Beethoven's symphony in C major, ejaculated also with the same feelings of surprise: “*cela va !*”—the scherzo had appeared to him so oddly written, that in his opinion *it could not go at all*. Alas! there are many things which have succeeded, do succeed, and will succeed, despite the professors of counterpoint, and the authors of *opéras-comiques*.

At the end of the second act of *La Vestale*, the steadily-increasing interest of the temple scene gave no chance to the conspirators of thinking for an instant of the wretched farce which they had prepared, and the finale drew from them, as well as from the impartial public the warmest applause; for which they had, no doubt, to make *amende honorable* the next day, by continuing in their classes to despise the ignorant Italian, whose music, nevertheless, had so vividly affected them. Time is a great master! The adage is not new; but the revolution which twelve or fifteen years have made in the ideas of our Conservatory is a striking proof of its truth. No longer in this establishment do we find prejudice, or parties hostile to new works; the spirit of the school is excellent. I believe that the Society of

Concerts, by familiarising the young musicians with a great number of the *chefs-d'œuvre*, written by masters whose hardy and independent genius has never known even our scholastic reveries, has had a great hand in the accomplishing of this result. Also the execution of fragments of *La Vestale*, by the Society of Concerts, and pupils of the Conservatory, has always obtained an immense success, a success of applause, of tears, a success which affects the performers and the public to such a degree that it has sometimes been found impossible to continue the concert for half an hour. One day, on a similar occasion, Spontini, hidden in the recess of his box, was observing philosophically this tempest of enthusiasm, and was, doubtless, asking himself, on seeing the tumultuous manifestations of the orchestra and chorists, what had become of all those petty contrapuntists, all those little rogues of 1807, when suddenly the pit, having perceived him, rose in a body, turned towards him, and the whole hall resounded with cries of recognition and admiration. Sublime enthusiasm, with which earnest souls salute true genius; and its most noble recompense! Was there not something providential in this triumph, awarded to the great artist in the very bosom of the school in which, during more than thirty years, were taught hatred of his person and contempt of his works?

And, nevertheless, to those (and their number is large), who have not heard it at the Opera, how much the music of *La Vestale* must lose, being thus deprived of the illusions of the stage. How is it possible to imagine at a concert that multitude of different effects in which dramatic inspiration bursts forth in so great abundance and depth? What those listeners can seize, is a variety of expression which they imagine from the commencement of each *note*, the intensity of passion which renders this music luminous by the ardent flame concentrated therein (*sunt lacrymæ rerum*), and the purely musical value of the melodies and groups of chords. But there are ideas which can only be seized at the theatre; one, especially, among others, is of rare beauty, in the second act. In the air of Julia: "Impitoyables Dieux," an air in the minor mode, and full of desperate agitation, there occurs a phrase heart-rending in abandon and sorrowful tenderness: "*Que le bienfait de sa présence enchante un seul moment ces lieux*." At the end of this air, and the recitative: "*Viens, mortel adoré, je te donne ma vie*," when Julia retires to the back of the stage to give entrance to Licinius, the orchestra takes up a fragment of the preceding air, in which the accents of the passionate trouble of the vestal predominate; but at the very instant in which the door opens, giving admission to the friendly rays of the evening star, a sudden *pianissimo* brings back to the orchestra, rich in wind instruments, the phrase—"*que le bienfait de sa présence*," immediately a delicious atmosphere seems to pervade the temple, a perfume of love is exhaled, the flower of love is bursting forth, the heavens are opened, and we readily conceive that the *amante* of Licinius, discouraged by her struggle with her heart, should tremblingly sink at the foot of the altar, willing to give up her life for a moment of transport. Starting with this piece, the musical and dramatic interest increases in grandeur; and we could almost say that, taken altogether, the entire second act is a gigantic *crescendo*, of which the *forte* only bursts forth at the final scene of the veil. How is it possible not to note, *en passant*, marvels of expression like those at the beginning of the lovers' duo:

Licinius. Je te vois.

Julia. Dans quels lieux?

Licinius. Le Dieu qui nous rassemble.

Julia. Veille autour de ces murs; et prend soin de tes jours.

Julia. Je ne crains que pour toi.

What a difference in the accent of these two persons! The words of Licinius crowd upon his burning lips; Julia, on the contrary, has no inflection to her voice, her strength fails her, she sinks down fainting. The character of Licinius is still better developed in his cavatina, of which it is impossible to cease admiring the melodious beauties; he is at first gentle, consoling, an adorer, but towards the end, at these words: "*Va, c'est aux dieux à nous porter envie*," a kind of pride is manifest in his accent, he contemplates his beautiful conquest, the joy of possession becomes greater than the happiness itself, and his passion is

slightly tinted with self-pride. As to the duo, and especially to the peroration of the *ensemble*.

C'est pour toi seule que je veux vivre!

Oui, pour toi seule je veux vivre!

they are indescribable; they contain palpitations, exclamations, passionate caresses unknown to you, pale lovers of the north. It is an Italian love, in all its furious grandeur and volcanic ardor. In the finale, at the entrance of the people and the priests into the temple, the forms of rhythm enlarge beyond all measure; the orchestra, pregnant with tempest, swells and undulates with a terrible majesty. Here the question in point is, religious fanaticism.

O crime! ô desespoir! ô comble de revers!

Le feu céleste éteint! la prière expirante!

Les dieux, pour signaler leur colère éclaie,

Vont-ils dans le chaos replonger l'univers?

This recitative is truthfully frightful in the development of its melody; in its modulations and its instrumentation, it is of monumental grandeur. Everywhere there, is clearly manifest the threatening power of Jupiter Tonans. And in the phrases of Julia, successively full of distress, resignation, revolt, and audacity, there are accents so natural that it seems as if no others could be used, and yet they are so rare that the finest scores contain but very few. Such are:

Eh quoi! je vis encore.

Qu'on me mène à la mort.

Le trépas m'affranchit de ton autorité.

Prêtres de Jupiter, je confesse que j'aime.

Est-ce assez d'une loi pour vaincre la nature?

Vous ne le sçavez pas.

At this last reply of Julia to the question of the pontiff, the thunders of the orchestra burst forth with violence; we feel that she is lost, and that the touching prayer which the unfortunate one has just addressed to Latona will not save her. The measured recitative: "*Le temps finit pour moi*," is a masterpiece of modulation, with regard to that which precedes and follows it. The high priest has ended his phrase in the key of E major, which will become that of the final chorus. The chant of the vestal deviating gradually from this key, reposes upon the dominant of C minor; then the altos commence alone a sort of tremolo in B, which the ear takes to be the *note sensible* of the last established key, and bring about by this same B, about suddenly to become the *dominant*, the explosion of brass instruments and cymbals in the key of E major, which vibrates anew with redoubled sonorousness; like those lights, which in the night re-appear the more brilliantly, when an obstacle has for a moment excluded them from our sight. With regard to the anathema, with which the pontiff crushes his victim, as well as to the *Stretta*, all description is as powerless as it is useless for whoever has not heard them. There, especially, you recognise the power of that orchestra of Spontini, which, notwithstanding the various developments of modern instrumentation, has stood erect, majestic, draped in the antique, and as brilliant as the day on which it issued arrayed in armour from the head of its author. You palpitate with pain under the incessant *repercussion* of the pitiless rhythm of the double syllabic chorus of priests, in contrast with the moaning melody of the weeping vestals. But the divine anguish of the listener arrives at its climax, when, abandoning the use of the precipitate rhythm, the instruments and the voices—the former in tremolo, the latter in sustained sounds—pour forth in continuous torrents the strident chords of the peroration. That is the culminating point of the *crescendo* which increases so grandly during the second half of the second act, and to which, in my opinion, no other is to be compared for its immensity, or the formidable slowness of its progress. During the grand performances of this Olympian scene at the Conservatoire and at the Grand Opera of Paris, all shuddered, public performers, the edifice itself, which, metalised from base to roof, seemed, like a colossal gong, to send forth sinister vibrations. The means of small theatres are insufficient to produce the strange phenomenon.

(To be continued.)

REVIEW OF THE HISTORY OF MUSIC BEFORE MOZART.

(Continued from page 641).

THE assertion, every age has its joys, applies also to music. In it we recognise a somewhat melancholy truth, which however few friends of music willingly admit, who all their days keep sounding the praises of their beloved art. But the passion for music, if it be carried to an extreme degree, wears out the sense and the heart, as well as any other passion; it has, like every other, its excesses and its dangers. The liveliness of musical impressions degenerates with certain temperaments into an undue vehemence, and the habit of yielding thereto can in the long run induce nothing but a disturbance of the moral balance and a loss of the capacity of enjoyment. This is especially the case with dramatic and concert music, which is more passionate and sensuous than any other. But when one finally has had this sad experience in himself, when Melody, with the whole train of its allurements, no longer says to us what it once said, then it often happens that the taste changes with age; an age, however, which cannot always be measured by the number of years. Fortunately, music contains also in itself the antidote against the evil it has caused. Without loving it any the less, one can love it differently; the pleasure can regain in interest what it has lost in voluptuous fire; and other works invite us then to more tranquil emotions, since they attach the music to the pleasures of the mind, and at least keep alive in it always the warmth which the language of feeling must have and the heart must enjoy, without unnerving it. These pleasures in their nature are the most enduring; and the works to which we owe them, are not subject to the mournful change of fashion, which to-day despises what it yesterday adored. The dilettante has become a connoisseur.

The long life ascribed to fugues lies not, as Förlkel assures us, in the æsthetic superiority of that species. There can, I repeat it, be no question of absolute pre-eminence between the two parts of musical art, each of which contains but half of its resources in itself, and has not the power to make itself complete. This long duration probably lies in the structure and the technical laws of the fugue. The changeable and perishable element, Melody, in it, is reduced to its lowest value. It is nothing but a subject, a theme, a musical proposition, commonly limited to three or four bars. Moreover, the invention of a subject is no arbitrary process; for you must find one suited to the contrapuntal analysis to which it is to be subjected. It is never clothed according to the old or the new fashion, precisely for the reason that makes it impossible for it to follow either. Fashion crumbles before it, as a whim gives way before necessity. And if mannerism cannot insinuate itself into the melodic design of the subject, how much more impotent it must be against the whole work! The combinations, the imitations, the canonical plays, the many crossing outlines, of which the fugue consists, give a rounded and compact mass, which resists the strokes of Time, as in a beleaguered city the churches built of hewn stones resist the bombs which shatter the less solid edifices.

And not only do works of the fugued style find the guarantees of a long existence in the natural strength of their putting together; for another reason they escape a misfortune which is, perhaps, the greatest next to that of being executed in the judicial sense of the word. These works are never disgraced by coming into fashion; they are not abused and worn out by having to be heard continually and without any mercy in theatre and concert and saloons, where there happens to be a piano, in promenades and grand parades. Who has not a thousand times cursed such fashionable arias, which he has met day after night under all possible forms, even where he was expecting a more serious music?

All the time when counterpoint and melody were in a state of separation, the musicians, that is to say the contrapuntists and the melodists, must have discerned very different and yet perfectly compensatory facts in the type of the two respective styles. The melodist won glory in their nation and in all Europe, the applause of the multitude, the flatteries of fashion, of which they were at once the priests, the idols, and the victims; the laurel

wreath, that withered as soon as it was placed upon the head of the victor; gold, that went as rapidly, as it was easily earned; popularity with all its advantages and burdens. The contrapuntists reaped the quiet marks of honour, by which the toils of scholars are remunerated, and which are limited to their own circle. A place as a chapel-master in a church, or organist, if fortune was particularly well-disposed to one; moderate income, assiduous labours, a few scholars for interested admirers, colleagues difficult to satisfy for judges, and a silent church-public for their excitement. The world scarcely knew them. But these men could write freely *as God and their own hearts prompted*, as Mozart always had so longed to do; they had the consciousness of their merit and the presentiment of a remote but an enduring glory, and they envied not their fortunate and renowned rivals, the melodists. They were free! This explains all, as well their faith in the future, as the stoicism which they opposed to the indifference of their contemporaries. The best part of their fortune consisted of a draft upon posterity, payable when they themselves should no more need it. So fired, both inwardly and outwardly, those philosophical musicians, of whom John Sebastian Bach will be the prototype for all times.

A few privileged men reaped the advantages accruing to both classes of composers. They made sacred and profane music with equal talent and success. In their lifetime they made themselves famous by their operas, which are forgotten; while by their oratorios and masses they have won immortality. These were Leo, Pergolesi, and some others among the Italians, and among the Germans, Händel, who engaged in the opera merely to support himself. Händel was *impresario* of the Italian opera in London, and usage required that he should ruin himself in this enterprise, struggle as he might to avoid it.

It yet remains to us to cast a glance upon the past of instrumental music, the youngest of all the branches of the art, so young, that our great grandfathers were the first who heard its master-works, —and which has already reached that degree of perfection, that we can scarcely conceive how the future can add to it anything.

Until the seventeenth century there was almost no instrumental music in the state of art. As the companion of vocal melody it vegetated, as melody itself did, in the state of nature, just an accompaniment or complement to some rude song. It had no independent existence, as dance music, military music, and as a necessary addition to certain public feasts and ceremonials. The peasant, who had no voice, blew his artless ballads upon his bagpipe or his reed; the troubadour sought out by ear upon his harp, which lacked neither more nor less than the strings for the semi-tones, an accompaniment, which he had either invented or learned from tradition; and in all probability they both found more beauty in the traditional chords, than did the theorists of their time. Marches and trumpet flourishes led warriors to battle, without a regimental *kapellmeister* having much to do with it. A purely mechanical routine guided the fingers of the fiddler on the neck of the most despised of instruments, which played alike for the dances of the lady in her feudal castle, and for the frolics of the rustics on the greensward. Honour to these brave players, ancestors of a Lafont and Paganini! They alone possessed, as we have seen, the secret of the true scales, while the learned were still battling with the phantom of the Greek modes.

United in a corporation, and forming one of the least esteemed classes of society, the instrumentists had not the advantage of being counted among musicians; the title being monopolised by the composers and professors of music. They had, to be sure, like all mechanics, their customs, their period of apprenticeship, their degrees and masterships; some too, no doubt, gave proofs of a certain mechanical facility or a true talent. But since all this had nothing in common with the art of composition, of which tradition, instinct, and routine formed the complement, we can regard them only as musicians in the state of nature, just as we meet to-day quite skilful persons, in their way, in countries and places where the use of harmony is yet unknown.

An instrument, the oldest of all, since it reaches back, in name, if not in reality, to heathen antiquity, the organ, was at an early time exempted from the ban which weighed upon instrumental music. The introduction of the organ into the Western

churches dates back to the eighth century. But this age is entirely lost to the history of the progress of composition, since no monument has come to us in notes, from which we can see how they played the organ before Frescobaldi. Meanwhile we take it for granted, that from the eighth to the fifteenth century the achievements of the organist were limited to doubling the choral song and giving the key to the singers. What more could he have done in the state in which music was in the Middle Ages, without melody and almost without chords? But from the moment that the progress of counterpoint, improved by melody, had obliterated the groundwork of the periodic fugue, the organ served for more than mere filling up; the science and special talent of the organist necessarily built themselves up by degrees, and from that time it was, as I believed, that the need was felt of a special notation for this instrument, the first printed tablatures of which appeared in the year 1513, but were afterwards lost.

(To be continued.)

CATHEDRAL MUSIC.

FIFTEEN ANTHEMS, composed by GEO. B. ALLEN, Mus. Bac. OXON.

THE first anthem, "And there was war in Heaven," very well illustrates what we have already said about Mr. Allen's apparent desire to excel the traditional limit of this class of compositions, and, also, the difficulties, natural and educational, which have impeded his march. He has evidently sought to improve and modernize the school of anthem-writing, but his reformatory process has been applied with a hand so irresolute and unsteady, that the result is far from satisfactory. As we have before said, he himself is in a transition state of faith in the matter, so his music is neither "fish, flesh, nor gude saut herring." If he wishes to give something of modern importance of plan to a movement, we are almost sure to find the design overturned by a plentiful appearance of the most antique pattern among the materials; and where, on the other hand, he judges the old cathedral effect of solemnity most desirable, ten to one but it appears in immediate juxtaposition with something all over-suggestive of Spohr, or some other of the ultra-moderns. Now, this first anthem is a very fair specimen of this strange spirit of jumbling. It is prefaced by an instrumental symphony sufficiently long and important for a modern *cantata*; and, so far, this is a step in advance, since, with the exception of two or three of Purcell's anthems, it has no precedent in ancient times. Yet, though the idea of such an innovation is certainly a good one, we can by no means admire the thing resulting from this idea. The symphony in question, though spirited and, to a certain extent, clever, is full of just those faults of incoherent design which we have charged generally on the cathedral composers. It opens with an *Adagio* in D minor, which, being but ten bars in length, has, nevertheless, in that space two dominant half-closes; and its last four bars are occupied by a trumpet solo that, in addition to its positively meaning nothing, is wholly impracticable for the orchestral instrument to which it appears allotted. The second movement is an *Allegro*, also in D minor, called by the composer a "Fugue," and, certainly, treated after the manner of that time-honoured and difficult exercise in counterpoint. The subject is spirited, and its treatment develops much freedom in accompaniment, and many clever and effective passages: yet neither is the fugal process carried on with scientific accuracy, nor is the whole movement at all satisfactory in its plan. In proof of the first, we may state that in no one place is the subject answered correctly—the *canonic*, not the true fugal answer, being invariably adopted: and we need scarcely add that this is not only abstractedly incorrect, but has a tendency, in the case of most subjects as with the present one, to create rapid changes of key very unfavourable to the development of a long movement. The second defect resolves itself into a question of keys and their consecutions. Near the end of the second page, the first halt in the march of the movement is attained in a *pedale* on the dominant of the relative major, which is satisfactory enough, and, if followed by a fresh start of the subject, under some novel form of treatment, in F

major, might have led the movement to its close through a natural, or even discursive, series of modulations, without blemish in the particular now under discussion. But the *pedale*, just mentioned, immediately gives way to a chain of passages built with but little interruption on the harmony of the original dominant, and these are very naturally followed by the tonic (major, in this case), which, by a duration of four bars becomes firmly established in the ear. The subject now starts off afresh in the key of the sub-dominant, and in the course of a single page from this point, including seven bars of dominant *pedale*, the movement is made to terminate. Now this construction involves the choice of defects, that either the movement as a whole is just twenty-four bars too long, or that nearly its entire career of modulation is faulty. For the two complete tonic closes which occur in its course are manifestly inadmissible on any principle of form; and if the first of the two be maintained as a necessity, then all that follows is a mere recommencement to speedily lead back to the same place, and is therefore obviously superfluous. We have been somewhat particular in describing this introduction, because it is very much on such points of faulty design, though often exhibited in a much more heinous condition, that we have affirmed the Cathedral musicians to be so much behind their secularly educated brethren. The opening recitative, "And there was war in Heaven," and the following chorus, "Now is come salvation," are both very modern, and considerably meritorious. The harmonic transitions in the recitative are particularly bold and effective; and the chorus, which is almost entirely in plain counterpoint, has several progressions—especially that at the commencement of the seventh page, and the series of harmonies with which the whole concludes—strongly indicative of the composer's acquaintance with, and liking for, the manner of Mendelssohn. In the next two movements—a solo for the bass and another for the alto—we are unceremoniously hurled back at least a century and a half. The bass-solo is quite in the style of Blow; and in the solo for the alto, the Heavens are bid to "rejoice" after that full-bottomed-wig fashion which seems to have had no other musical idea of gladness that what could be found in long-divisional passages of dotted quavers. The next movement, "Blessed are the dead," is again modern. It is an unaccompanied chorus in plain counterpoint, with an occasional faint trace of Spohr in its manner; but, though so called by its composer, it certainly is not a "choral"—it is entirely wanting in the vast melodic breadth and general effect of grandeur so strikingly apparent in that singular and characteristic product of the Lutheran church. The final chorus, "Blessing and glory," once again returns to the style of the older church-music; and in point of merit is of that negative kind which might be apportioned to any one without either profit or loss to his reputation. Except the point, beginning near the close of the fifteenth page, where the voices are gradually accumulated with a new treatment of the subject, accompanied by ponderous and sustained chords on the organ, and another, close to the end, where the voices and the organ are used responsively to each other, we find nothing in this final chorus at all striking as a matter of conception, or that would be capable of marked effect in performance.

We do not intend any minute criticism on all the rest of the fifteen anthems comprised in Mr. Allen's work. It would answer no useful end, could we even spare sufficient space for the purpose. It would be profitless, for example, to enter upon any systematic description of music which, for its greater part, pours forth page after page of level vocal writing, undisturbed by points of strength enough to challenge the judgment or interest the feelings of the listener,—to discuss at length such forms of passages, sequences, and points of imitation as, after having done ample duty in in all the anthem writing of past times, again meet us here at every turn; or to mark, as a note-worthy feature of a professedly new work, the strange prevalence of that ancient savour which, however difficult to describe in words, must be familiar enough to every attendant of the cathedral service. We must limit our quotations to as much of both the good and evil in Mr. Allen's book as comes out with prominence sufficient to illustrate the general remarks with which we thought it right to

open the subject; and, in so doing, shall deal most fairly with both the composer and our readers.

And first, then, as a specimen of the kind of thing that may be fairly set aside in noticing this work, we may briefly refer to the second anthem in the collection—"By the waters of Babylon." It is exactly one of those compositions that had far better have been left uncomposed. It is not precisely a parody or imitation of Boyce, yet there is so much that is identical both in feeling and treatment, that the resemblance becomes, in reality, far too strong to pass unrecognised. Mr. Allen should either have left these words untouched, or searched with might and main for some utterly different form of musical interpretation. As it now stands, one certain consequence of the performance of this anthem must be that a host of inconvenient memories will be awakened to the fact that the thing has been done before—and done better. The third anthem—"I will always give thanks"—is, throughout, a constructive mistake. Of its five movements, the first three—namely, the opening chorus, the bass solo, "O praise the Lord," and the tenor solo, "O taste and see"—all begin and end in F major; and the two last—the alto solo, "The righteous cry," and the chorus, "The Lord delivereth the souls of his servants"—are in D minor, except the closing fifteen bars, wherein the key of F major is very suddenly and clumsily resumed. It is, surely, needless to point out the tiresome effect thus unnecessarily thrust upon three consecutive movements by the enduring prevalence of one key throughout them, nor the unshapeliness given to the close of the anthem by the disproportion which its final fifteen bars of the original tonic bears to the large quantity of the relative minor immediately preceding. And an examination of details discloses nothing to make amends for this general fault. The first chorus, without any attempt at variety of material, not only begins and ends in F major, but adheres to that much used tonic throughout. No less than five times does it come to a close and recommencement, and always in the same key. The tenor solo, "O taste and see," is certainly a very pretty melody, but must infallibly lose, in performance, nearly all the effect intrinsically due to it by the identity of its key with that of the two preceding movements. The following solo for the alto is quite unworthy of Mr. Allen's general ability. It is modelled to the life from Kent, and quite equal in childish insipidity to anything ever produced by that most unworthy and over-rated of our cathedral musicians. The last chorus has, with a difference of key, precisely the same defect as the first—namely, that it is constantly stopping and recommencing in D minor. Furthermore, the resumption, near its close, of the first tonic (F major) is accomplished after a very roundabout and inartistic fashion. Had the penultimate section of the movement been conducted to a half-close on the dominant of D minor—(the most natural of all cadences in this case)—the first key, F major, would have sprung out from this with nearly all the charm of absolute freshness. But instead of this very simple and elegant expedient, we have—commencing sixteen bars before the change—a series of inverted dominant sevenths, beginning with a 4-2 on C, and extending to a last resolution in F minor, from whence a few bars of repetition lead to a half-close on C, introductory to the final sentences in F major. Our objection to all this is its total lack of symmetry and proportion. Taking this movement as a whole, we find no less than fifty-eight bars, all (except an eight bar clause in the middle) in the key of D minor, balanced only by these sixteen bars of modulation, which, so placed, have rather the effect of distracting the ear, than gratifying it by the return to the first tonic. Such faults as these, we maintain, would not be found in the writing of any but cathedral-educated musicians; and they are the more to be regretted since their amendment would in no degree involve the peril of any legitimate characteristic of church-music.

(To be continued.)

ST. MARTIN'S HALL.—Mr. Willing gave performances on Messrs. Bevington's new organ for the Foundling Hospital in the course of the last week. Our review of the merits of this instrument will appear in an early number.

THE ORGAN.

KIDDERMINSTER MUSIC HALL.

THE Organ recently erected by the Messrs. Hill, in the New Music Hall, in Kidderminster, is about to be opened with all form and circumstance proper to such an occasion—a smaller kind of festival having been announced, with a promising force of vocal and instrumental talent, the profits of which are to be devoted, partly in liquidation of the cost of the organ, and partly towards the creation of a fund for the support of public music in the town.

The organ has three complete rows of keys, and subjoined is a list of its contents:—

GREAT ORGAN—C C TO G.		SWELL ORGAN—C C TO G.	
Double Diapason	... 16 feet	Double Diapason	... 16 feet
Open Diapason	... 8 "	Open Diapason	... 8 "
Cone Gamba	... 8 "	Viol di Gamba	... 8 "
Stopped Diapason	... 8 "	Stopped Diapason	... 8 "
Octave	... 4 "	Octave	... 4 "
Wald Flute	... 4 "	Super Octave	... 2 "
Octave Quint	... 3 "	Cornopean	... 8 "
Super Octave	... 2 "	Hautboy	... 8 "
Sesquialtra	... 3 ranks		
Posaune	... 8 feet		
CHOIR ORGAN—C C TO G.		PEDAL ORGAN—C C C TO E.	
Salicional	... 8 feet	Open Diapason	... 16 feet
Stopped Diapason	... 8 "	Violon	... 16 "
Gemshorn	... 4 "	Octave	... 8 "
Flute	... 3 "	Trombone	... 16 "
Piccolo	... 4 "		
Cornorne	... 8 "		
		TREMULANT.	
		{ Swell to Great.	
		{ Great to Pedal.	
		{ Swell to Pedal.	
		3 Composition Pedals.	

All stops throughout.

Though not by any means a mammoth in size, as times go, this instrument is quite sufficient for its locality, and, far beyond this, is admirable in quality throughout. Value, moreover, is given for the money in every item of its plan. There is nothing frittered away in divided or inexpensive stops; every stop it contains is costly, vitally useful, and a calculated member of the whole effect. The great organ has but ten stops, but is not, on that account, left short of that absolute necessity to a fine grand manual, a double diapason in metal. The pedal-organ, too, it will be observed, is unusually, though very properly, ample in proportion to the rest of the work. It is also worthy of remark that there is not a single incomplete stop in the whole organ. Even the *viol di gamba* in the swell extends throughout the range of the key-board—the first instance, in this country, of this stop, so situated, with a complete compass.

The great and deserved reputation of the Messrs. Hill's work renders it unnecessary to say more of the tone of the Kidderminster organ than that it amply sustains the position of its builders. Whether its stops be taken singly or in combination, it is a truly admirable specimen of the voicer's art, and will, we are persuaded, amply declare its own merits whenever put to the proof. It only contains one feature unusual in its builder's practice, but that is an important one—the *violon* of the pedal organ. This is a 16-foot wood-stop of exceedingly small scale, and its tone, delicate yet prompt in a high degree, bears a strong resemblance to that of a metal stop of the same pitch. It replaces, with excellent effect, the *bourdon* usually found in the same situation, and as a soft bass, for supporting the lighter qualities of the swell and choir, is superior to anything we have elsewhere met with.

The mechanism is of the well-planned and effective character common to Messrs. Hill's instruments; and the sound-boards are models of excellence for the great amount of speaking-room they afford to the pipes, especially considering the by no means large external dimensions of the instrument. This latter particular is vastly too much neglected by organ-builders in general. It would be just as rational to expect a man to use his arms efficiently in the midst of a mob, as to hope for the true tone of organ-pipes when crowded on their sound-boards in the careless and ignorant style too commonly adopted.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"G. R." MANCHESTER.—The "Services" have been received, and will be attended to in due time.

"S. W. E." MILNTHORPE.—The three pieces are acknowledged as sent, and shall not be overlooked.

THE MUSICAL WORLD.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13TH, 1855.

It is surprising how little more is to be learned of Herr Richard Wagner by hearing his operas on the stage. When you have read his books, and digested the theories unfolded in them, you know all that is necessary, and may leave the rest to imagination. If you are persuaded, from a perusal of the literary and critical works of Herr Wagner, that there cannot be anything *absolutely* musical in his music, rest in that persuasion, and you will spare yourself unprofitable trouble.

We have but recently enjoyed the advantage of hearing *Tannhäuser*, very well performed, so far as the orchestra and some of the principal singers were concerned, and, considering the uncouth and difficult character of the opera, not very badly by the chorus and subordinates. It was at the theatre in Cologne; there was a full house, and the opera was much applauded. The success of *Tannhäuser* here, with the public, is considerable; but the musicians will not tolerate it. The musicians have certainly the best of the argument, since the music is utterly rhapsodical. Herr Wagner repudiates polyphony, in his book of the *Kunstwerk der Zukunft*. He insists that it is superfluous, because the multitude can only appreciate the first idea—the top line, or melody of the musician. It is difficult, however, to reconcile this doctrine with a hearing of *Tannhäuser*, which is not merely polyphonic, but polycacophonous from first to last. Herr Wagner upsets his own theory. Moreover, compare his diatribes against an egotistical display of the orchestra—"absolute music"—with the incessant and tuneless *carnival* of the instrumental accompaniments in *Tannhäuser*. Here again Herr Wagner upsets his own theory. His orchestra is in a ferment from beginning to end; and when, perchance, something like a plain phrase is indicated by the voice, it becomes lost in the raging sea of tones. We never before heard an opera in which the orchestra made such a fuss, and to such little purpose. What then does Herr Wagner intend? Are his operas written to show the truth of his theories, by presenting examples of what those theories forbid? Or are they written in the teeth of his theories, to unmask them, as simply an ingenious sham? We should like to be enlightened.

Again—the cacophony, noise, and inartistic elaborations, the hostility to full closes, complete phrases, and the "tyranny of tone-families," apart—we can detect little in *Tannhäuser* not positively common-place, except where the *diablerie* of Weber is parodied, the fairy-music of Mendelssohn caricatured, or the melodic ideas of other composers appropriated, maimed, and mutilated. Of the last a startling instance may be traced in the *finale* to Act I, where fragmentary snatches of a beautiful melody by Mozart (in the *Seraglio*) open ever and anon, as it were, glimpses of heaven.

Tannhäuser is three parts declamatory recitative, which, long before the end, becomes tedious beyond endurance. (*Lohengrin*, which has failed at Cologne and elsewhere, is

worse in this respect; and, if what has oozed out, from Weimar, about the *Niebelungen*—the "four-night" opera, now in preparation—be true, Heaven save us!) Add to this the chief soprano, tenor, and bass are made to roar and scream with scarcely an interval of repose. Sig. Verdi is a child to Herr Wagner with regard to the straining of voices. In listening to *Tannhäuser* we pity the artists, and then the audience; for if the voice cracks on one hand, the ear splits on the other.

We live in strange times. Some will have it the artistic world is *in transitu*. Let us hope so, for the sake of our children. We accept the *purgatorium*, with submission; but only as *purgatorium*, since if it were to be the end instead of the passage, humanity could not bear it. Humanity is weak. A man may sustain a fever, buoyed up with the hope of getting rid of it; but were he once assured that the fever was for life, he would commit suicide.

A great word, now-a-days, in the mouths of many, and especially Germans and Americans, is progress—*art progress*. Point out anything outrageous and monstrous in art, and you will be informed that art cannot stand still—*art must progress*; "art-progress is the life of art," etc. So that, accept the *dictum*, and we must believe that Herr Wagner, etc., are progressing from a point beyond which Mozart and Beethoven could not travel—or at least where they ignorantly stood still. With deference, this is sheer nonsense. The dress of art may change with fashion, but take off the clothes and the naked figure is the same. The principles of art are eternal. We speak of art generally, since truth—proportion, symmetry, consistence, freedom, qualities of truth—are common to all. We shall be told that music has only very lately become an art, properly speaking; but we are quite aware of that, and of fifty other platitudes, which have nothing to do with the question. Had music been invented last January, and Herr Wagner composed *Tannhäuser* in March, *Tannhäuser*, though more prodigious as an effort of man, would be just as bad as a work of art.

There is a cant in our time of despising education; and thus in the case of artists, and especially musicians, people begin to run before they can walk, to compose and *publish* great works before they have learnt how to harmonise a theme, or write with fluency the easiest exercise in counterpoint. The great men that lived from a century ago till now, have had all the labour. They have established forms, explained technicalities, and provided means. We have their works before us, and are too apt to forget what time and pains they cost. Herr Wagner, for instance, looks at the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven (Mozart is too simple—or rather too elaborate, if he could only know it), and straightway resolves to begin from the point of view which "the immeasurably rich musician" took in projecting that astonishing composition. What, then, is the conclusion?—why, that if Herr Wagner starts from the Ninth Symphony, he must be able to have written it; he must be endowed with the requisite genius and have acquired the requisite science. But we are made aware, by a few bars of his music, that he has neither one nor the other, that he has never studied the *elements* of music, never learned how to handle the implements; and that, if it were given him as a task to compose the overture to *Tancredi*, he would be at straits to accomplish anything so easy, clear, and natural. And yet these not half-educated men talk unintelligibly and conceitedly of the Ninth Symphony—miracles alike of learning and of inspiration. What we want, just now, in our music schools, is a rod to apply to those who have not the patience to write exercises in coun-

terpoint, *note against note*, and are still for ever soaring into the higher regions of imagination. Want of education—of sound education—among musicians is the present bane of music.

Herr Wagner, it has been urged, would be less to blame if, when composing *Tannhäuser*, *Lohengrin*, &c., he had done his best, without writing books, to persuade the world that what he could not do ought not to be done at all—founding, as it were, a theory on the basis of his own shortcomings. But this would not have suited his ends, since it is likely that without the books—which affected the understanding of Herr Liszt at Weimar—the operas would have been consigned to oblivion shortly after they saw the light. For our own part, taken separately, we find the books and the operas both amusing, if on no other account than their entire originality; but viewing them together, as precept and example, we are persuaded that a more cool imposition was never attempted to be passed upon the world.

MR. E. T. SMITH, "the enterprising Lessee of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane"—as he is wont to be dubbed—should have let "well" alone. He was doing well with his "cheap and low" operatic performances. The shilling and two shilling people filled his pit and boxes nightly, and the sixpenny and threepenny galleries were invariably crammed to suffocation. The only disadvantage resulting from this state of affairs was, that the apples-oranges-and-ginger-beer-women could not find convenient transit across the benches. To the poor vendors of fruit and temperance potations the crush brought nothing but dismay. All the rest was "couleur de rose," and the treasury blushed alternate white and red, with the heaps of silver and copper taken at the doors. Had Mr. E. T. Smith pinned his fate to cheap and low operas, he would, despite of universal abuse, have made a fortune—in time. But he had a soul above small profits, and soared sublimely from music to the drama; from cheap to fair prices; from copper to gold. Mr. E. T. Smith rates the drama at about forty-five per cent. above music. Compare his dramatic with his operatic terms of admission. Fired by the success of *Sardanapalus* at the Princess's Theatre, and believing himself equally shrewd, experienced, accomplished, "enterprising," free, liberal, tasteful, full of judgment—all in a managerial point of view—and popular as Mr. Charles Kean, he was determined to make a grand dash at the drama, and repudiate fiddles and finales for ever. For this purpose he hired Mr. Edward Fitzball, author of the prose of "My pretty Jane," to enter the lists with Lord Byron, and write him down a play as old, as dramatic, and as full of processions as *Sardanapalus*. Mr. Fitzball, nothing loth, fell back upon the pyramids, went to the British Museum, and dipped into the best translations of the Greek scholiasts. He particularly consulted Herodotus—the father of history—and did not disdain information derived from Denon, Wilkinson, and the several Encyclopædias. He at last, after much consideration and research, lighted upon the famous Queen Nitocris, who, some say, built the third Pyramid, and others make out to be the mother of Belshazzar, and grandmother of Nebuchadnezzar, who built the walls of Babylon, and others say, &c. Mr. E. T. Smith was satisfied as long as the subject was antiquated and Egyptian, and accordingly went to work immediately and got ready the properties, the scenery, and the processions. In due time Mr. Fitzball concocted his plot, some of which was written, with ready tact, to the properties, the scenery,

and the processions. He did not, however, exactly fulfil the manager's desire—namely, to write a play as old, as dramatic, and as full of processions as *Sardanapalus*. The first qualification he obtained for his play, and the last he was helped to. The intermediate exigency—as was subsequently demonstrated—was either not taken into consideration, or escaped the endeavour of the dramatist. Mr. E. T. Smith, nevertheless, was satisfied, and applied himself with energy and zeal to the "getting up" of the Original Egyptian Play. For more than half a year had the public eye been caught with a flaming and longitundinous announcement. It was naturally expected that the dramatic world would be taken by storm with the production of *Nitocris*. If Mr. E. T. Smith had expended nothing more than his outlay on advertisements and monster placards, it must have cost him a fortune. No expense was spared, no means were left untried, no stone was left unturned by which public curiosity could be stimulated, public interest enlisted, and public sympathy awakened. Never was production heralded with greater pomp of words and with more confidently-vouchsafed promises. The declarations and assurances were but the heliacal risings before the appearance of the great Egyptian dramatic luminary. The dawn of *Nitocris* was awaited with as much eagerness as an eclipse, or the first view of the Derby horses round Tattenham Corner.

Mr. E. T. Smith, no doubt, wrote his own advertisements. The hand of the "enterprising manager" is patent in every line. It is to be lamented, nevertheless, that he did not get Mr. Fitzball, or some hand slightly acquainted with English composition, to glance over them. As they have appeared in public print, they are decidedly obnoxious to criticism. "The early ages of Egypt," says Mr. Smith's advertisement, "are lost in dark mystery; the most learned antiquaries have not been able to hand them down to us with any degree of certainty, especially those great events which doubtless manifested themselves long before the sovereignty of the Pharaohs—a period, if we may judge by the still existing wreck of material things, equal to, if not surpassing in grandeur and magnificence, the works of our own enlightened times." The italics are our own. How, or in what, a "period" can surpass a "work," we must inquire of Mr. E. T. Smith, who alone can inform us. Perhaps the "enterprising manager" remembered too vividly the school-boy interrogation, which none of us can easily obliterate from our recollection, "How far is it from the fourth of January to Temple-bar?" and that the metaphor fell inadvertently from his pen in spite of its irrelevancy.

What Mr. E. T. Smith did, or would have done for the Original Egyptian Play of *Nitocris*, can be gathered by referring to one of the long advertisements which troubled the *Times*, weeks before its production. Therein might be perused a greater number of particulars and details than had ever previously made its appearance in bill or poster. Among other specialties, too numerous to mention, it was announced that the "idols were by Dykwynkyn, and the altar fires by Mr. Randall." Mr. E. T. Smith has overshot the mark. By leading the public to expect too much, he gave his new play no chance of succeeding, and its hostile reception on Monday night is as much to be attributed to his want of tact, as to its own intrinsic want of merit. Had *Nitocris* been given out as a mere spectacle, and no allusion made to historical researches, antiquities, hieroglyphics, habits, manners, incidents, dramatic properties, the British Museum, the Imperial Museum at Paris, the Pyramids and

Pharaonic periods, together with a whole tissue of meaningless *fanyaronnade*, there might have been a chance of the audiences of Drury Lane—so tolerating and easy-to-be-pleased, as Mr. Smith knows to his gain—receiving it as a thing in kind, and enduring, instead of hooting it. Mr. E. T. Smith has expended a great deal of money and, no doubt, much time and pains, for no other purpose than to expose his own shortsightedness and incompetency as a manager. Looking solely to his self-aggrandisement, he never gave a serious thought to the public, whom he had gulled so often that he fancied he could gull them for ever. The “utter failure” of *Nitocris* may read him a grave lesson, and teach him to take heed how, in future, he endeavours to entice his audiences under the banner of “counterfeit presentments.” In this way, he may convert discomfiture into an advantage.

Poor Signor Mario! He has got himself into a terrible scrape through his mother—or, more properly, through the death of his mother. It is lamentable that celebrated tenors should be accessible to affliction from family misfortunes; or should feel indeed like common mortals who go to hear them. Why should the public be disappointed? What business have singers with domestic ties at all, if they do not sink them to please the people? If Signor Mario's mother be really dead—as is not beyond the bounds of possibility—surely that need not hinder him from appearing in the theatres and concert rooms, so far removed from the scene of the old lady's departure. Sorrow would only lend pathos to his voice, and the remains of tears on his cheeks might be readily obliterated with a vermillioned hare's foot. Signor Mario had no business to disappoint the public, merely because his mother happened to die. What the deuce had those who paid their shillings, to hear Signor Mario sing, to do with his mother, dead or alive? What would Signor Mario say, if, having announced a concert, all the audience should stay away merely because their fathers and mothers were dead? Would the great tenor pocket his disappointment, and make no murmur? No! Then why should the public put up with the excuse of Signor Mario—that his mother was dead, and he could not sing—and not grumble?

Signor Mario, we iterate, has got himself into a terrible scrape on account of his mother's death—at least he has brought the press about his ears—that is to say, the north of England and Scotch press—by which we mean some of the north country papers—one or two. The *Northern Daily Times* of Liverpool—a journal not sufficiently known—has a long article on the subject of the non-appearance of the renowned tenor at the late concert at the Royal Amphitheatre. This article is headed, “Duplicity of Signor Mario,” and therein the writer attempts to prove that the vocalist must have been aware of the news of his mother's decease some days previous to the concert, and that it was his imperative duty to acquaint the public, as soon as possible, with the circumstance which rendered it impossible for him to appear in public. In proof of this, the writer quotes a letter, signed “Caudour,” who, in his turn, without naming time, place, or paper, attempts to show that the same “dodge” was practised by Signor Mario the previous Saturday in Edinburgh. The article concludes with a burst of indignation, and a valiant determination, on the part of the Liverpool public, never to be humbugged again in a similar manner.

It is curious that it never once occurred to the critic, that Mr. Copeland, who engaged Signor Mario, not Signor Mario

himself, was, peradventure, the person directly implicated, as the pledge, that the singer should appear on a certain day in a certain place, was entered into by the manager, not by the singer. The singer was accountable to the manager, the manager to the public. Was it not possible, too—mind, we do not say it is true—that Signor Mario had informed Mr. Copeland of his inability to sing in consequence of his recent severe domestic calamity, and that Mr. Copeland, and not Signor Mario, had kept the news to himself. It was clearly through Mr. Copeland alone that Signor Mario could have conveyed the information; and, having informed his manager, no doubt he would imagine all could not fail to go right. We do not see how otherwise Signor Mario could act. We do not take up the cudgels for either side. While acknowledging that a public wrong was somehow committed, we think it decidedly unfair and unreasonable, that all the blame should be visited on the head of Signor Mario. Poor Signor Mario!

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

ON Saturday last, a concert of vocal and instrumental music took place in the Music-court of the Crystal Palace. The regular band of the establishment, reinforced by the adoption of a proper number of stringed instruments, performed the pieces selected with much precision and finish. The vocal selection was excellent. The following was the programme:—

Overture, “Oberon”	Weber.
Quartet for four trombones	Schubert.
Romance, “Her love was with him still,” Miss Schott	Schallén.
Ballad, “Truth in absence,” Mrs. Gilbert	Harper.
Ballad, “Evangeline,” Miss Cole	Blockley.
Concertino, viola, Mr. Webb	F. David.
Concerto, violin, Mr. Watson	Sainton.
German Lied, Miss Schott	Kallivoda.
Un Sorriso, Miss Schott	G. Lillo.
Two-part Song, “Greeting,” Mrs. Alfred Gilbert and Miss Susanna Cole	Mendelssohn.
Solo, flute, Master Dean	Nicholson.
Overture, “Semiramide,”	Rossini.

The capabilities of the Music-court for the purposes of hearing were well tested, and, as far as we were enabled to judge, the new arrangements will go far to set aside the difficulty which has hitherto stood in the way of the musical department of the Crystal Palace. Mrs. Gilbert's ballad, and the duet between her and her sister, Miss Susanna Cole, pleased exceedingly. After the concert announced in the programme, the band, dwindled to brass and wind instruments, took up its usual position in the great transept, and played a selection of pieces until dusk. The fountains played as usual, and the afternoon being singularly fine, a large and elegantly dressed company were present, and few left until the hour for closing arrived. The visitors amounted to 1789.

M. CAMILLE ROQUEPLAN, the painter, and brother of M. Nestor Roqueplan, ex-manager of the Grand-Opéra, has succumbed to a painful illness of more than nine years standing.

MILLE FANNY CERITO.—This incomparable daughter of Terpsichore has left Paris for St. Petersburg, where she is engaged for five months at the Imperial Opera.

MANUSCRIPTS OF MOZART.—A Frankfort journal announces the immediate publication of two unpublished and unfinished compositions by Mozart, arranged for the piano, entitled *Le Fiancé trompé* and *L'Oie du Caire*.

THE CONSERVATIVE LAND SOCIETY.—The twenty-third purchase for distribution amongst the members has just been made in the city of Lincoln, near the south toll gate, and close to the two railroad stations, being the well-known historical site of St. Catherine's. This is the second estate bought for the society in the county of Lincoln.

PARIS.

(From our own Correspondent.)

THE season has commenced at the Italiens with but a moderate amount of success. The bill of fare presented several novelties, but few were heralded by loud drums or trumpets. The subscription is but small, and it is to be hoped rather than expected that the new management will be more successful than Lumley, Ronconi, Tamburini, Ragani, and a host of others, for whom the Italiens has proved a snare and pitfall. The company is numerous, and many of the engagements must have been contracted on terms somewhat onerous to the manager. In addition to this, he has the great disadvantage of competing with the Grand-Opéra and the Opéra-Comique, both of which receive subventions from the State, and the whole expense attending the former of which is defrayed from the Emperor's privy purse. What can a private individual expect to achieve against such competition, and what purse can be found long enough when measured by that of the Emperor of the French? However, I trust my dismal forebodings may prove false, and that at the end of the season the manager may congratulate himself on having had a smooth sea and a prosperous voyage.

The season commenced with *Mosé en Égypte*. Signor Angelini was Moses, Signor Carrion, Amenophis, Signor Everardi, Pharaoh; while the female parts were filled by Madame Fiorentini and Mlle. Pozzi. Signor Carrion is a Spaniard, possessed of a fine tenor voice, sympathetic, and remarkably pure in the upper notes. His agility is surprising, but he abuses his gifts, and rushes into *roulades* and *fiorturi* in a manner that cannot be too strongly condemned. When he sings *sotto voce* he produces an effect at once pleasing and legitimate; and he gave the "Mi manca la voce" in a manner that left little to be desired.

Signor Everardi is a Belgian, whose real name, as you may suppose, is Everard. His voice is a rich, firm barytone, his method pure, his vocalisation easy, his taste undeniably good, his intonation admirable, his phrasing large—in short, he is a most accomplished singer and an admirable comedian. His success was undeniable, and he was recalled before the curtain with enthusiasm.

Signor Angelini was Moses, a part in which Lablache was, in bye-gone days, so every-way great. He is young, tall, well made, and good looking. His voice is strong and of fair compass, but wanting in suppleness and roundness. He sings fairly, and with much energy and accent.

Madame Fiorentini looked charming as ever, but failed to make the impression I could have desired from one so gifted by nature. Mlle. Pozzi is a promising young singer, but was too nervous to do justice to her powers.

To-morrow, Mad. Borghi-Mamo appears in the *Cenerentola*, with Everardi and Carrion, who are said to be masters of buffo singing. Mlle. Boccabadati has arrived, Mario appears on the 1st of November, and Grisi at the beginning of January.

The Männer-Gesang-Verein sang at the Grand-Opéra a few nights back. They gave "Das Kirchlein," "Schlummerlied," "Der Frohe Wandersmann," Spanish Canzonetta, &c. They were much and deservedly applauded. Their greatest success, however, consists in having drawn Rossini from his retirement. The great master, who had resisted all other offers, went to hear them at rehearsal, and wrote the following letter to Mr. Mitchell, which they of Cologne may well consider to be the brightest flower in their musical chapter:—

"MONSIEUR,—Je suis très sensible à tout ce que renferme de flatteur pour moi, la lettre que vous m'avez fait l'honneur de m'adresser. J'ai été aussi surpris que charmé de ce que la Société Chorale de Cologne m'a fait entendre—veuillez être, Monsieur, mon interprète chaleureux auprès de tels artistes, pour leur exprimer mon entière satisfaction, et si ma santé le permet je profiterai de votre offre bienveillante, assuré que vous n'y verrez qu'un témoignage de l'intérêt que je prends à ces charmants concerts. "GIOACCHINO ROSSINI."

The Vaudeville has been giving a "Bijou perdu" without the music of M. Adolphe Adam, an omission whereby the public has been a considerable gainer. The "Bijou perdu" is a watch, left

by M. Chambourdon with the wife of a watchmaker, a charming, *agacante* coquette, to whom M. Chambourdon himself paid his addresses in his bachelor days. He knows that his old flame has become wedded, and dreads at each moment to see her injured husband breathing flames and fury, with the *corpus delicti*—the watch—in hand. He dreads this the more, that Mad. Chambourdon has had the unhappy thought of advertising for the watch, and offering a reward for its recovery. Delannoy is charming as Chambourdon, his anguish, his dread, his despair, are tragic-comic in the last degree.

Madame Arnould-Plessy is drawing all the world to the Théâtre Français. Since Mlle. Mars we have had no such finished *comédienne*; and though tainted with mannerism and somewhat given to affectation, Madame Plessy's graces as an actress are only rivalled by her charms as a woman. She made her *rentrée* as Elmire in the *Tartuffe*, and nothing could exceed the delicacy and tact she displayed in the somewhat dangerous scene, wherein she draws from the hypocrite a declaration of his passion, and leads him from words to action, while her husband is concealed beneath the table. If the Russian war has cost us many enjoyments, we are at least indebted to it for the return of Madame Plessy.

The Gaité has resumed the *Sept Châteaux du Diable*, for the instruction and amusement of all children great and small. The decorations are magnificent, and the piece, though bad and absurd, draws a crowd, and answers the end for which it was written.

FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The Cologne Musical and Choral Union gave a concert on the 24th ult. at the Conservatoire Impériale de Musique. The performances met with the greatest success, and the encores were numerous. Madame Oury performed some pianoforte pieces between the parts, and was encoored in her *fantasia* on "Partant pour la Syrie."

BERLIN.—The management of the Royal Operahouse have commenced the season in earnest, at last; their activity is entitled to great praise. In the course of last week we had *Adler's Horst*, *Fidelio*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and *Le Prophète*, quite enough to satisfy the most ravenous musical appetite. Mlle. Johanna Wagner was greatly applauded in *Lucrezia Borgia* and the *Prophète*. Herren Oertling, Rehbaum, Wendt, and Birnbach recommenced their *Quartet-Versammlungen*, last Thursday evening in Sommer's Rooms, with Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The selection and execution of the pieces afforded universal gratification to a very numerous audience.

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—A grand instrumental and vocal concert was given lately by the *Aachener Gesang und Instrumental Verein*. The programmes included Cherubini's overture to *Les Abencérages*, a portion of Mendelssohn's *Paulus*, a violin-fantasia by Artot, a quartet with chorus and orchestra by Gordigiani, and Beethoven's symphony in C minor. The whole performance, under the direction of Herr Carl von Turányi, went off with great éclat. Herr Richard Wagner's *Lohengrin* has been produced.

ELBING.—Herr Richard Wagner's *Tannhäuser* was performed for the benefit of the *Capellmeister*, Herr Genée.

POSEN.—The season commenced in a highly satisfactory manner with Mozart's *Don Juan*, and, since then, *Norma*, *I Montecchi e Capuletti*, *Der Freischütz*, *Masaniello*, *Les Huguenots*, and *Nabucco* have been given.

MAYENCE.—The *Liedertafel*, in conjunction with the *Damen-Gesangverein*, gave a concert in the large room of the Academy, on which occasion they performed several quartets for male voices, and the *Morgengesang* by Mendelssohn, *Ave verum* by Mozart, the *Gebet* by Franz Schubert, and *Salve Regina*, by Herr Hauptmann. Herr Jaell played several pianoforte compositions and Mad. Volmer, and Herr Wallau sang songs by Beethoven, Marschner, Esser, and others.

HAMBURG.—Signor Verdi's *Rigoletto* was produced for the first time here on the 24th ult. It was very favourably received.

WEIMAR.—Dr. Franz Liszt is engaged on a psalm, with chorus and orchestra. In November, he intends visiting Herr Richard Wagner at Zurich.

MUNICH.—The grand musical festival was to commence in the Palace of Industry on the 4th inst., with Haydn's *Creation*. On the second day, the performance was to be composed of Beethoven's Symphony in C minor, the second act of Gluck's *Orpheus*, Mendelssohn's 22nd Psalm, the finale from Mozart's *Titus*, the overture to Weber's *Euryanthe*, the finale of the second act of Beethoven's *Fidelio*, and the "Alleluiah" from Handel's *Messiah*. The orchestra consists of two hundred performers, and the number of vocalists, including the members of the Oratorium-Verein, the Conservatory, and all the Liedertafeln of Munich, Augsburg, Eichstadt, Preising, Landsbut, Nürnberg, Regensburg, Passau, Ulm, and Würzburg, amounts to eight hundred.

STUTTGART.—Mad. von Marra is announced for Marie in *La Fille du Régiment*, and Catharine in *L'Etoile du Nord*.

PESTH.—M. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* is in rehearsal, and will shortly be produced.

MIDLE RACHEL IN NEW YORK.

The following is from the *New York Daily Times* of September 21:—"A romantic drama on one night, and a French tragedy on the next, are rather more than a New York audience can appreciate, even with Rachel in both. It is a trifle too much of a good thing for the head, for the heart, and for the pocket. *Bajazet* consequently failed to attract a good audience last evening. The metropolitan theatre was scarcely half filled. In every respect it was the worst audience of the season, reminding us of the terrible dramatic season which inaugurated the first campaign at this house, and accustomed the critic to solitude and the contemplation of death. There were, however, some celebrities in the house. Among others we noticed Mr. ex-President Tyler and J. M. Botts, Esq.—the latter of whom illuminated a dark and interminable soliloquy by remarking that the legislative rule should be enforced on the French stage—of not allowing any one person to speak for more than an hour at a time. Giddy trifle!

"*Bajazet* is a tragedy capable of affording about half an hour's amusement to an American audience. The termination of the fourth act, and parts of the fifth, are just sufficiently exciting to keep you from going to sleep. The remaining portions of the tragedy are wearisome in the extreme; utterly unrelieved by good acting or powerful declamation. They are narcotic in their influence. Were it not for the gorgeous toilette of Middle Rachel, ever sparkling with diamonds and gold, we are persuaded the audience would have abandoned itself to kind nature's sweet restorer. As it was, we were in constant apprehension that some one would have the indiscretion to yawn. A sympathetic audience would surely have joined in the luxury, and the consequences might have been frightful."

The following letter was addressed to the same journal:

To the Editor of the *New York Daily Times*.

"Sir,—Middle Rachel, deeply affected by the kindness shown her daily by the press and the public of New York, has expressed to me the desire that I should yield to the wish generally manifested, by fixing the prices of places at her performance more in accordance with the habits of the population of this city. I am myself happy to meet the wishes of the public in this respect, though I do not expect to find any pecuniary advantages in a diminution of prices; for, so far, the average of my receipts have been beyond what I had thought it just to count upon. But the journals of this city have declared themselves on the subject with such unanimity, that I think I ought no longer to refuse to follow their counsels. Accordingly, during the two or three weeks which it will be possible for me to remain at New York, before proceeding to fulfil the engagements I have formed in Boston, Philadelphia, Havannah, and the Southern States of the Union, the prices will be as follows:—Balcony and orchestra seats, 3 dols.; parquette, dress circle, and first circle, 2 dols.; upper circle, 50c. There will be no additional charge for securing seats in advance. By communicating these facts to your readers, you will greatly oblige your obedient servant,

"RAPHAEL FELLIX."

"No. 49, Wall-street, Sept. 20, 1855."

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—The last Monday Evening Concert was characterised by the absence of all but one novelty. Mr. Perring having met with an accident recently, and Mr. G. Cooper consented to sing the whole of the music set down for him. Mr. Cooper acquitted himself to the satisfaction of all present. Miss Cicely Nott was the novelty, and she appeared to take much pains with the music allotted to her. She has a voice sweet, if not rich and round, there is evidence of carefulness and study in her singing, and, still pursuing such a course, more may yet be accomplished. She must be careful, however, not to attempt too much, and the "French variations," by Adolph Adam, were little more than exercises, and not worthy of her. Miss Nott sings occasionally with a false intonation in the higher register. In Barnett's trio, "This magic wore scarf," there were passages in which she shewed a nice feeling, leading us to suppose that expression is her forte at present, rather than brilliancy. Mrs. Winterbottom's notes are almost as rich as ever; she sang Abt's popular ballad "When the swallows homeward fly," and was encored. The vocal music was interspersed with violin playing by Herr Steingraber, who has taken up his residence in Manchester for the last twelve months. He displays much cleverness, and executed the "Tremolo" of Beethoven very creditably. He was loudly applauded and called for. Mr. Delavanti followed with a ballad, and the first part closed with Handel's chorus, "Great Dragon." In the second part there was nothing worthy of especial note.

The farewell concert given by Mrs. Thomas on Tuesday evening in the library of the Athenæum, previous to her entering upon a London life, must have been satisfactory to her, as it was to the numerous and respectable audience assembled. Mrs. Sunderland sang throughout with spirit and effect; Mrs. Brooke equally pleased, particularly in a song by Mr. Thorne Harris, "Swifter far than summer flight." Mr. Adolphus Lockwood played a solo on the harp. Mr. Thorne Harris played an arrangement of Rossini's "Ecco ridente," and one of Mendelssohn's, "Lieder ohne Worte;" whilst the chorus, judiciously selected, sang some of Bishop's interesting dramatic choruses with precision and a nice appreciation of light and shade. The glee singing, if not all that might have been desired—for want of a better second tenor—shewed signs of good schooling and careful study among some portion of the vocalists. "No more the morn" should be confined to the glee club. It is heavy in the concert-room, and demands the most perfect singing, even in the former locality, to be thoroughly appreciated. "Mrs. Thomas," says the *Manchester Examiner*, from which we have partly extracted the above notice, "has given evidence for some time past that she possessed musical qualities which, under intelligent direction, would give her a claim upon the attention of the most critical. Her voice is pure in tone, extensive in register, and she sings with an evident feeling, so rare among our English vocalists, who, for the most part, appear to suppose that if a certain number of notes are crammed into a certain space and given in a certain time, they have accomplished the object of their mission. Mrs. Thomas has wisely been pursuing her studies in London under judicious training, and we were much struck with the advance already made—a progress which we feel tolerably sure will secure her a respectable position eventually in the first ranks of the metropolis. Mrs. Thomas's share of the programme included, among other morceaux, Mercadante's aria, "Ah! s'estinto," and Blockley's "Excelsior." The manner with which she sustained the interest of the last-named song through nine verses, and that too in relation to music not of the highest rank, shewed that a little further experience will enable her to do ample justice to the nobler songs of Handel, Mendelssohn, and others of similar character. After what we have heard, we have little doubt that success will attend her efforts in a metropolis where generally true talent has, on the whole, fair play. Mr. Delavanti sang a very clap-trap sort of song by Hobbs, and was encored of course—a compliment generally paid to clap-trap—and substituted an Irish song of humour, which he gave effectively."

LIVERPOOL.—The festivities in connection with the Duke of Cambridge's visit to Liverpool terminated with proper *éclat*, on

Wednesday evening, by a grand concert in St. George's hall, for which Madame Clara Novello, Miss Dolby, Herr Reichardt, and Mr. W. H. Weiss were engaged. The concert was announced to commence at eight o'clock, but, as the distinguished visitors did not arrive till half an hour later, the audience, about 2,500 in number, had time to gaze upon the beauties of the *salle*, which is now completed, the organ being finished and presenting a beautiful and chaste appearance, in admirable keeping with the prevailing style of ornamentation used in the hall. A chorus, selected from the members of the Philharmonic Society, occupied a temporarily-erected orchestra, composed of red damask, with white lace, and flanked on each side with a union jack and a tricolour, surmounted with crowns of laurel. The chandeliers were much admired, but the star-like jets at the top were not lighted. The Duke wore the ribbon and star of the Garter. He was attended by the Earl of Derby, Lord Stanley, Lord Chesterfield, Lord Colville, Lady Derby, Lady Emma Stanley, Mr. T. B. Horsfall, M.P., the Mayor, Mrs. Tobin, and several other fashionables. The audience all rose on his entrance and cheered him heartily for some moments. Immediately on his entrance, Mr. Best struck up "God save the Queen" on the organ, the solo being sung by Madame Clara Novello. This was followed by "Partant pour la Syrie," both national airs being received with enthusiasm. The concert, we regret to say, proved rather dull. Madame Clara Novello gained the only encores of the evening, in an air from *Il Giuramento* and the *moreau*, "Sors il sen!" from *La Sonnambula*, both of which were sang with great brilliancy and clearness of tone. Herr Reichardt, fresh from his successes in Hamburg, was warmly applauded in both his arias, "In terra solo," from *Don Sebastian*, and Beethoven's "Adelaide." Since he was last here, his voice is much improved; it is fuller and sweeter, and he has already become one of the popular tenors of the day. Mr. Weiss's solo was a song composed by himself, entitled "The Blacksmith," one portion of which was the "Old 100th Psalm," forming the accompaniment. Miss Dolby sang Mendelssohn's "First Violet." The choir sang two madrigals and one of Mendelssohn's "Four-part songs." The madrigal by Ford, "Since first I saw your face," with its graceful and flowing melody, was most admired. Mr. T. W. Best's organ solos consisted of Sebastian Bach's "Pascaglia," Mendelssohn's "War March," from *Athalie*, and one of Händel's organ concertos, consisting of an *Adagio e Maestoso*, *Allegro*, and *Adagretto*. All these pieces afforded Mr. Best an admirable opportunity for displaying every qualification of the organ, which, in his hands at least, seems one of the grandest and most superb instruments we have heard. The concert concluded with "Rule Britannia," amidst another burst of cheering.

LEEDS.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Selections from the works of Sir Henry Bishop monopolised the programme at the People's Concerts last Saturday. The vocalist were, the always useful and never ineffective Yorkshire soprano, Mrs. Sunderland, Miss Mary Newbound (a *débutante* contralto), Messrs. Hargrave and Dodds (local tenors), Mr. Delavanti (bass), and a chorus of sixty voices, the whole under the conductorship of Mr. Spark. I am not able myself to give you a detailed account of this concert, but I append a few sensible remarks abridged from the *Leeds Mercury*, which may be interesting:—

"The artists were, not Madames and Signors, but plain English Yorkshire people. The London 'stars,' who scour the provinces at this season of the year, have been profuse in their attendance in Leeds; and Italian and other foreign music has formed the principal item in their programmes. How great the contrast on Saturday. Mrs. Sunderland gained fresh laurels by her charming voice and exquisite taste. Both her songs were entered; the first, 'Bid me discourse,' could scarcely be surpassed; and 'Tell me my heart,' one of the most popular of Sir Henry Bishop's compositions, was no less admirable. Miss Newbound, a native of Leeds, made her *début* on Saturday. She is young, but possesses a voice of much compass, sweetness, and power. Her contralto notes are especially fine, and she is able to sing G below the staff-lines strong and clear. She undertook all the contralto portion of the solos, duets, trios, &c. She also sang the soprano solos introduced in the chorus, 'Daughter of error,' so well, that an encore was awarded her. Miss Newbound is a pupil of Mr. Spark. Mr. Delavanti executed the music allotted to him creditably, notwithstanding

ing that his *forte* lies in buffo singing. The tenors were Mr. Hargrave and Mr. Dodds, both Leeds gentlemen—the latter an amateur. Of the chorus we cannot speak too highly. Their *pianos* and *fortes* were very fine. By a perfect agreement between the performers and their skilful conductor and trainer (Mr. Spark), by mutual understanding, and previous joint practice, such success could only be ensured. The whole of the chorus are residents of Leeds and the neighbourhood. It included ten ladies, who sang the first soprano, and the choir boys of St. George's church, who sang second soprano. The voices were well balanced. The committee cannot do better than give another selection from Bishop's works, and they will again be rewarded with a full room. The promenade and gallery were crowded."

The committee of the Recreation Society are as indefatigable as ever in providing good and cheap music for the "People." Two concerts will be given under their auspices in the Music Hall next week. The first on Monday, with the Thillon-Braham party; the second on Saturday, when Miss Birch, Miss Lascelles, Mr. Miranda and Mr. G. Bodda, will sing. I am informed that the Society is busy rehearsing *Acis and Galatea*, *Lorely*, *The Walpurgis Night*, etc., all of which are soon to be given with full orchestra under the direction of Mr. Spark. It is by concerts like these that the public taste will be improved, and music made a source of intellectual enjoyment, as well as a "rational recreation."

BIRMINGHAM.—(From a Correspondent.)—Mr. Glydon's concert passed off with *éclat* on the 27th ult. Our noble Hall was well nigh filled. If encores be a proof of success, this concert was most successful, there being no less than seven or eight, which prolonged it to a most unreasonable hour, fatiguing to the artists and the less exacting portion of the audience. The vocalists were Madame Anna Thillon, Mrs. Insull Barton, Mr. Augustus Braham, Mr. F. Gough, Mr. Farquharson, and the *bénéficiaire* himself. The instrumentalists—Mr. Richardson (flautist), Miss Checketts and Mr. Geo. Case (concertinists), and our townsman, Mr. Duchemin (pianist). Mrs. Insull Barton's voice is far too thin for our great Hall; her style of singing, too, is somewhat *rococo*. Mr. Augustus Braham somewhat disappointed us: with such an example as his father, he ought to make much more of his fine voice, and have greatly improved his style of vocalisation. Mr. Farquharson is much improved—there was room for improvement. Our young townsman was well received, and acquitted himself well; by diligence and study he may make much of his voice. Mr. Richardson played as well as ever, and that is saying no little. The concertina performances of Miss Checketts and Miss Case, though very clever, were lost in the Town-Hall. Mr. Duchemin played three of Mendelssohn's inspired, "Lieder ohne Worte," and a "Morceaux de Chasse," by Fungalli, and was, as he deserved to be, much applauded. Mr. George Case conducted.

GLOUCESTER.—(From our own Correspondent.)—Our usually quiet city has this week been enlivened by the visit of an operatic troupe, who had been previously playing with great success in Cheltenham. The principal parts have been creditably sustained by Misses Julia Harland, Warrington, Messrs. Herbert, Henry Corri, Dussek and D'Arty Read, supported by a small but efficient chorus and band, conducted by Linley Norman. *La Sonnambula*, *The Daughter of the Regiment*, *The Beggar's Opera*, and *Norma* have been the operas represented, and they appear to have given general satisfaction. The attendance was full and fashionable each evening. We hear that they intend paying us another visit about Christmas; if they do, it will be a godsend for the inhabitants of the "fayre city," who are dreadfully in want of amusement of some kind.

NEWCASTLE.—(From a Correspondent.)—An opera company have just given six performances at the Theatre Royal. Mad. Pyne Galton was the *prima donna*, a Mr. Locksly Hall (*query*, after Tenyson!) the tenor, and Mr. Rosenthal (announced from some German theatre) the baritone. Their representation of *Martina*, with an orchestra composed of two violins and an harmonicon, was the sorriest piece of lugubrious burlesque ever witnessed.—The regular season of the Theatre Royal commenced last Monday. *Cinderella* (the version by Albert Smith,) was the opening piece, with Mr. Howard Paul as the Prince, and Miss Featherstone as the nursery heroine. It is beautifully mounted, and made a highly favourable impression, as also did

the principal *artistes* concerned in the representation.—Miss Cushman gave two performances last week, appearing in *Guy Mannering* and *Macbeth*.

BRIGHTON.—(From our own Correspondent).—The concert season opened on Saturday evening, at the Town-hall, with Herr Kühe's "annual," and attracted an audience which literally overflowed the large upper room. All the unoccupied space on the platform was assigned to the public convenience, and several persons, who could not be accommodated in the body of the hall, were compelled to put up with places in the adjoining ante-chamber. The audience, however, were doomed to serious disappointment: the following printed bill was handed to the company:—

"Brighton, October 6th, Six o'clock.

"It is announced with great regret that, in consequence of a severe domestic calamity, Signor Mario is unable to appear this evening. The sad intelligence of the sudden death of his mother has plunged Signor Mario into the deepest affliction.

"Madame Grisi, Madame Gassier, and the other artistes, will use their utmost endeavour to atone for the disappointment by introducing other morceaux, and thereby preventing any diminution in the attractions of the programme.

"Money will be returned to any parties who may desire it, on presenting their tickets of admission at the places where purchased."

Of course the audience was taken aback, and many complained loudly that the circumstance was not made known sooner—Herr Kühe coming in for the hardest knocks. Certainly I can see no reason why the public should not have been informed earlier. I perceive by the public papers that the same identical "dodge" has been tried on in Leeds and Edinburgh. I perceive by the Liverpool papers, too, that a concert was given in that town with the same artists, on Wednesday last, when a similar "sudden" announcement was communicated to the assembled company, and "led to a most discordant scene." The Brightonians, nevertheless, are less inflammable, or, perhaps, more genteel, and do not like "getting up a scene." They received the news of the "sudden" domestic bereavement on Saturday, with perfect faith and enviable forbearance. M. Gassier and Signor Susini commenced the first part with the obstreperous "Suoni la tromba," which is getting out of date and growing out of favour. Its day will never return, even should we get another Tamburini and another Lablache. It was followed by a trio by Beethoven, for piano, violin, and violoncello, extremely well executed by Messrs. Kühe, Blagrove, and Paque. The barytone air from *Il Bravo* by M. Gassier, was not highly effective. In the duet, "Tornami a dir," M. Gassier was substituted for Signor Mario with Madame Grisi, who was evidently not in good spirits, and the duo was not successful. Signor Susini's "Vieni la mia vendetta, from *Lucrezia Borgia*, was a mistake. The air is bad on the stage, and worse off of it. Nobody ever made anything of it, nor ever will. Herr Kühe then played a new composition of his own on airs from *Il Trovatore*, which was received with marked approbation. Madame Grisi followed with Bellini's aria, "Qui la voce," chastely and beautifully sung. Next came the event of the evening, the *début* of Madame Gassier, who surprised the audience by the manner in which she rendered a *valse* of Venzano's, called "Ah, che assorta." Madame Gassier possesses a most extraordinary voice, light, fluty, and brilliant, comprehending a range of about two and a half octaves, with an execution almost perfect. Her *roulades* are miracles of vocalization; her intonation is always just; her taste irreproachable, and, in fact, she is one of the most gifted and accomplished singers of the day. Her high notes have been correctly denominated "points of light." Nothing purer and clearer, and at the same time, more brilliant, was ever heard; whilst her shake is artistic to an extraordinary degree. The audience was completely electrified, and loaded the fair *cantatrice* with such hearty and vehement applause that she was fain to repeat the *valse*. A solo on the violin by Mr. H. Blagrove, in his usual neat and masterly style, and a duet by M. Gassier and Sig. Susini brought the first part to a close. Mad. and M. Gassier commenced the second part with "Jota de los toreros," a Spanish duet sung in the Spanish style. For "Good Morrow," by Sig. Mario, Mad. Grisi volunteered a substitution, and sang the grand air "Bell'raggio," from *Semiramide*.

M. Paque performed a solo on the violoncello on airs from *Lucia*; he is a good violoncellist, but lacks fire and enthusiasm, his playing, however, is very correct and chaste. Mad. Gassier then gave the famous "Ah, non giunge," from *Sonnambula*, so delightfully as to elicit an enthusiastic encore. She repeated the concluding portion alone, absolutely playing with it—adorning it in the most fantastical and charming manner. This grand display of vocalism was succeeded by a duet, "Se fiato," by Sig. Susini and M. Gassier, and Donizetti's cavatina, "L'Amor suo," by Mad. Grisi. Herr Kühe played another solo on airs from *L'Etoile du Nord*, and then Mad. Gassier sang a Spanish song, which she dashed off with characteristic effect. At eleven o'clock, although there were two more pieces in the programme, the concert was brought to a termination with the consent of all present.

The first of a series of four promenade concerts, given by Mr. Gates, took place in the Music Room of the Pavilion on Monday evening. Amongst the names of the artists engaged are those of Messrs. Richardson and Henri Drayton. The other artists are Mr. George Perren (tenor), Miss M. Wells, a contralto singer of promise, and Miss J. Wells (soprano). The flute solos of Mr. Richardson on Monday night called forth thunders of applause. His performance of "The last rose of summer," which he gave for an encore, was inimitable. In the songs of "Rock'd in the cradle of the deep," and "Mother, he's going away," Mr. Henri Drayton was encored; as was also Miss J. Wells in the cavatina of "Bid me discourse." Mr. George Perren was applauded in the songs of "Philip the Falconer" and "My pretty Jana." During the evening several duets were sung by the Misses Wells and by Miss M. Wells and Mr. Perren. Mr. Gates presided at the piano. "Looking at the prices," says the *Brighton Guardian*, "it must be admitted that these concerts are well entitled to public support; and Mr. Gates is no less deserving of the full credit of having placed it within the means of almost the humblest lover of music to become acquainted with artists of such respectable standing." An entire change of programme is made for each concert, and the only morning concert was given on Wednesday.

THE VOICE.—The organ of voice or larynx has been compared to a clarinet, and similar instruments. It is composed of a mouth-piece, the aperture of which admits of expansion or dilatation, and of a tube, which is capable of being lengthened or shortened. The tube is situated upon the superior part of the trachea, so that, as the air passes out during expiration, it may cause the edges of the aperture, at the entrance of the larynx from the mouth, to vibrate. If the upper part of the trachea be divided, on looking into the larynx from below, the tube, from being cylindrical, is seen to assume abruptly a triangular prismatic form. The two long sides of the triangle extend horizontally inwards and forwards, to meet at the front of the larynx. The base of the triangular opening is short, and is placed transversely. The mouth or orifice of the larynx is called the "rima glottidis;" the two long edges that meet at its fore part are termed the "chordæ vocales." On looking into the larynx from above, the epiglottis is seen. It consists of a thin flap of fibrous cartilage, held vertically by its elastic connections against the root of the tongue, but capable of being thrown down to cover the opening of the glottis, or the reflection of the mucous membrane, from the edges of the epiglottis to the posterior margin of the larynx, and the ventricular laryngis, as the shallow fossa is called, placed immediately above and to the outside of the chordæ vocales, which permits these parts to vibrate freely. The rima glottidis is the mouth-piece of the larynx, and corresponds in some measure with the reed of the clarinet, or with the lips of a person whilst playing the flute. In pursuing the same comparison, we observed a contrivance similar to the stops in these instruments by which the tube may be shortened or lengthened, in the alternate rising and falling of the larynx. When the larynx is raised, the vocal tube is shortened; when it is depressed, the tube is lengthened. Accordingly, when an acute note is uttered, the larynx is felt to rise, and to sink when the voice falls to a grave tone.—*Curtis on the Deaf and Dumb.*

DRAMATIC.

DRURY-LANE.—On Monday night a change came over Old Drury. Music fled away afraid from its walls, and the drama was allured once again, by false promises, to its ancient home. It was a new awakening for the drama, as was anticipated, and everybody was attracted to behold so devoutly-to-be-desired a regeneration. The revolution was to be brought about by Mr. Edward Fitzball's new and original Egyptian play, *Nitocris*; and so much was said about it in the advertisements, that a tremendous success was confidently reckoned upon; Mr. E. T. Smith and his co-partners fondly asserting "that *Sardanapalus* could not hold a candle" to it. In short Mr. Edward Fitzball was about to extinguish Lord Byron. Those who remembered Mr. Fitzball's rhymes and librettos did not consider him exactly the sort of scribe to "snuff out" the author of *Cain* and *Manfred*. Mr. Smith, however, had expressed his opinion and pledged his word. The new play was produced with an amount of splendour, and completeness in the scenery and decoration, which must have gone far to ensure a certain success, but for the insignificance and entire want of interest in the drama: The failure was "utter," as the *Times* said, and the audience received it with unmistakeable signs of disapproval. The cast was strengthened by Miss Glyn, Mr. Barry Sullivan, Mr. Stuart, and other experienced "hands," and nearly three hundred auxiliary assistants, but nothing could redeem the piece from "salvation," as Dogberry says. The music, composed by Mr. Henri Laurent, jun., is spirited, well written, and full of character. It pleased every body, and not only arrested attention on Monday night, but frequently diverted it entirely, and with good effect, from the progress of the drama. Nothing, however, could have saved *Nitocris*—not even Rossini's music to *Semiramide*.

On Wednesday, Mr. Charles Matthews made his first appearance in *The Wealthy Widow*—an old, not a new piece, Mr. Smith—and was received with unbounded applause. The popular comedian will help to make some amends for the terrible loss sustained by the new Egyptian play. The manager, very wisely, turned *Nitocris* into an after-piece the same night, and its success as a farce-spectacle was immeasurably greater than as a classic drama.

HAYMARKET.—A new two-act comedy was produced on Thursday for the purpose of giving Miss Blanche Fane the opportunity of essaying her talents in an original part. The young lady, of whose histrionic capabilities we have hitherto not entertained a very high opinion, took the audience by surprise in her new character, and achieved one of the most triumphant and legitimate successes we have witnessed for many years on any stage. Whether it was that the part was specially suited to her, and having no model to guide her, she followed her own instinct, and appeared more natural than before, we cannot say; but certainly a more real and delightful performance we have seldom seen any where. Miss Blanche Fane has made herself famous, and Mr. Buckstone has cause to be proud of his "Little Treasure." By the way, this is the name of the new comedietta, which is taken from *La Joie de la Maison*, by MM. Anicet Bourgeois and Adrien Decourcelle, produced at the Vaudeville theatre last March. It is a most charming little picture of domestic life, and cannot fail to have a long run. It was received with thunders of applause at the conclusion, and Miss Blanche Fane was honoured with a separate re-call after each act.

STRAND.—This little establishment has once more changed hands and has made a fresh start with Coleman's comedy of the *Heir-at-Law*, which, with the aid of Mr. Shalders as Doctor Pangloss, Mr. Gaston Murray, and Miss Helen Love (*débutantes* here) went off with unwonted spirit. Miss Prescott Warde also lent some valuable aid to the new management in a *vaudeville*, in which she personated a variety of characters, the most original of which was a French female *shaver*, which she gave with a quiet and raucy humour which told with due effect on the audience.

PANOPTICON.—This institution, after closing for a few days, re-opened on the 1st instant, for the winter season. The most attractive novelty is Mr. Buckingham's lectures on English and Italian music, (divided into a series for each,) with illustrations on the organ. The lectures are curious and interesting to the classical amateur. We must, however, object to the reasons

given by Mr. Buckingham for the imputed national degeneracy; for it would, indeed, not be difficult to find causes more closely connected with the political and religious history of the country than the lecturer seems to think. We have no space for such an inquiry at present, but while England possesses so many works of creative power which have hitherto been the admiration of musicians of all countries, we must hesitate to account for the degeneracy of national music by cant phrases and vague assertions like—"national genius practical rather than imaginative"—"mechanical organisation"—"race of ingenious shopkeepers," etc., etc. Such are among the current opinions on this subject, which look more like an endeavour to elude inquiry altogether, than the result of that patient investigation which the matter requires. The first lecture comprised an account of English music from the middle ages to the time of Charles the Second. The early illustrations must be regarded as curiosities only, although there is a rude and unmetrical energy about them. The Norman war song, sung, as we are told, on the field of Hastings, is the most spirited, perhaps from association. This quaint and unrythmical character does not appear to have entirely left our primitive music until about the time of the Tudors, which may perhaps be considered as the true period of the birth of the national music. Tye's anthem, "I will exalt thee," Farrant's, "Lord, for thy tender mercies' sake," and a madrigal of O. Gibbons, were among the best, because the least known, of the illustrations of this period. A selection from the music of *Macbeth* concluded the lecture, but if Mr. Buckingham's account of the origin of this music be true, it is high time that we ceased to call it *Lock's*.

HECTOR BERLIOZ ON SIGNOR VERDI'S
VÊPRES SICILIENNES.

"For some time past, the Opera has been the luckiest of theatres; it is never empty. The enormous success of *Les Vêpres Siciliennes* still continues the same, because it cannot increase. The receipts produced by this work, six or seven times a month, exceed, in density and hardness, all the showers of gold ever collected in that tub of the Danaïdæ called the treasury of the Opera, a tub which, however, people say, is beginning to have a solid bottom. This is easily intelligible: Verdi has raised himself to a great height in his new production. Without wishing to underrate the merit of his *Trovatore*, and so many other moving scores, we must admit that in *Les Vêpres* the penetrating intensity of the melodic expression, the sumptuous variety, and the learned sobriety of the instrumentation, the fullness and poetic sonorosity of the concerted pieces, the warm colouring that we everywhere perceive, and the force, passionate, but slow in developing itself, which forms one of the characteristic traits of Verdi's genius, impart to the entire work a certain stamp of grandeur, and a sort of sovereign majesty more strongly marked than in any of the author's previous productions. We must add that Verdi, while writing for his four principal interpreters, Mdlle. Crivelli, and MM. Gueymard, Bonnehée, and Obin, has succeeded in extracting the essence of the talent peculiar to each of them, and presenting it in the most favourable light. Hence, the splendid execution which has surprised so many persons, a surprise too well-founded upon previous performances of master-pieces, in which the defects that characterise a bad performance were pretty well all united.

"When they want to do anything at the Opera, they are generally able to do it. When it is the author who presides at the preparatory studies, they almost always wish to do something. When, however, it is a master-piece whose author is either dead or absent, it almost always happens that they are neither able nor willing to do anything. Verdi is particularly alive, and was present at all the rehearsals of *Les Vêpres*; hence the exceptional beauty, to which we have directed attention, of the execution."

RIO JANEIRO.—Madame La Grua began her engagement as Desdemona and Norma. She was enthusiastically received, and buried, not under a shower of bouquets, but of wreaths of humming-bird feathers. Her horses were taken from her carriage, which was drawn by her admirers, who also sought a vent for their feelings in illuminations, serenades, and fire-balloons.

MODERN LITERATURE.—What is our literature? It would be difficult to name any one department, save history, which is not excessively morbid, and does not demand the surgery of severe criticism. Take poetry—all landscape painting peopled with allegories. Formerly poets described men; now they describe trees. Look at the current philosophy—it is the chimera buzzing in a vacuum of which Rabelais speaks; under the name of positivism declaring itself a delusion; under the name of eclecticism becoming still more absurd, because stultifying itself pompously. Pass on to theology—the best of its literature is heterodox; the best of its orthodoxy is vain puzzle about the scarlet lady, the ten-horned beast, the three frogs, and the battle of Armageddon. Turn then to biography. “The times have been that when the brains were out the man would die, and there an end; but now”—every pig of genius throughout the country comes to life again in two vols. 8vo. Or look at travel. If it has produced some of the best books of our time, this department has the honour of having also produced the very worst. Albert Smith is quite right in insisting on the ubiquity of Brown. Brown takes his account-book, enlivens it with extracts from the guide-books and the remarks of his courier, and sends it to Paternoster-row for publication. Oh! for Mandeville and Purchas once again, with all their child-like stare and prattle, and adventure and credulity; no more of these Browns riding on donkeys over the world. Try fiction as a relief. The circulating libraries groan with novels,—“of extraordinary power,”—which unfortunately are destined to gather more dust in the next generation than ever covered the romances of Madame de Scudéry, or Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle. They make no pretence of story, and the characters dangled like puppets before our eyes are chaff within and tinsel without. The drama, then: as Smith becomes Smythe, the drama has become diorama. Tragedy has passed into melodrama; comedy into burlesque and pantomime; and the stage has become the platform for snivelling sentiment, the creed of teetotallers, and the decalogue of old maids. There is our whole comic literature—a very wilderness of monkeys, grinning and punning, and punning and grinning, and threatening us with a comic Bible and a Prayer-book Travestie. There is that low, penny literature which represents life as a hideous cancer, adultery the object of life, murder the means, and blasphemy the language. And criticism—what says criticism? *Eheu! Quis custodiet ipsos custodes!* Criticism is very brilliant, puts rings on every finger, and shakes hands with every author. Half the authors of the day have been told that they equal either Scott or Defoe in description; we have given over counting the works that are to live as long as the language; we could name a dozen Platons; there is quite a glut of Miltons; and somehow Shakspearean imagery has become a vulgar accomplishment.—*Times Article: “Professor Wilson.”*

TRUMPETERS.—There are three sorts: 1st, the Impudent Man, who blows his own trumpet; 2nd, the Clever Man, who gets a trumpet generally blown for him; and 3rd, the Really Clever Man, who will see all the trumpets blown first before he will stoop to any such trumpety expedients. It is for the latter that Fame takes up the instrument, and, with a trumpet note, sounds their names all over the world; but, as this class is necessarily a very small one, we cannot quarrel with the modesty of certain men, who, feeling there is but little chance of Fame ever blowing the trumpet for them, become subscribers of that highly popular musical society of “Every Man His Own Trumpeter,” and blow away lustily for themselves. Some of our greatest politicians, patriots, doctors, tragedians, and tight-rope dancers are already members of the above society, and the numbers are daily increasing.—*Punch.*

CONTRADICTIONS OF PROFESSOR WILSON.—Every body knows how unsparingly Professor Wilson abused Lord Byron in his papers in *Blackwood's Magazine*, entitled “Christopher among the Mountains.” In the “*Noctes Ambrosianæ*,” published some years previously in the same serial, the reader will be surprised to find, written by the same pen, the following uncompromising eulogy:—“The character of one of the greatest poets the world ever saw, in a very few years will be discerned in the clear light of truth. How quickly all misrepresentations die away.

One hates calumny, because it is ugly and odious in its own insignificant and impotent stinking self. But it is almost always extremely harmless. I believe, at this moment, that Byron is thought of, as a man, with an almost universal feeling of pity, forgiveness, admiration, and love. I do not think it would be safe in the most popular preacher to abuse Byron—and that not merely because he is now dead, but because England knows the loss she has sustained in the extinction of her most glorious luminary.” To which of the opinions of “Old Ebony” are we to give credit? Did his judgment change with his years; or did he love a lord better at one period of his life than another? *Nemo mortalium omnibus, &c., &c.*

A SENSATION MARRIAGE.—“A ‘sensation’ marriage,” says the *Boston Bee*, “has taken place at Trinity Church. The parties were Mr. George Vandenhoff, comedian, of England, and Miss Mary E. Makeah, actress. The ceremonies were performed by the Rev. John Cotton Smith, assistant rector. The affair had been kept rather private, and there were few spectators.”

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